

FIRST AND BEST IN ILLUSTRATED HORROR



CREEPY
#48

OCT. 1972

CREEPY

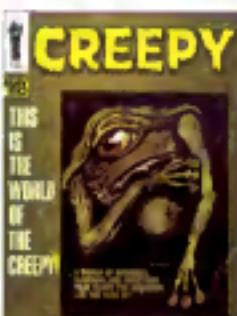
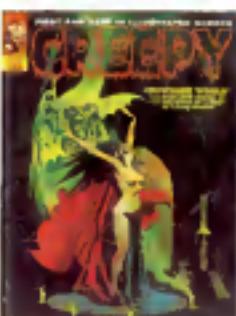
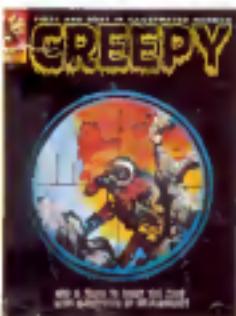
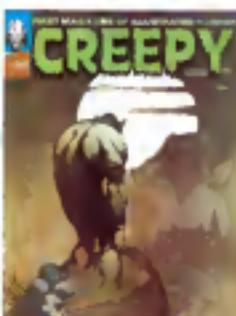
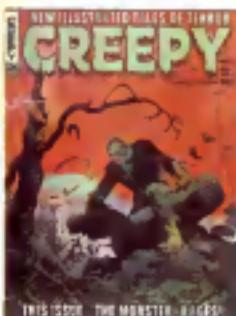
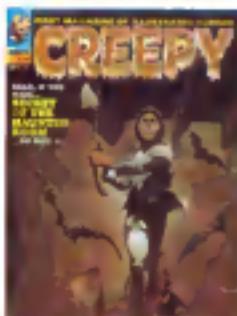
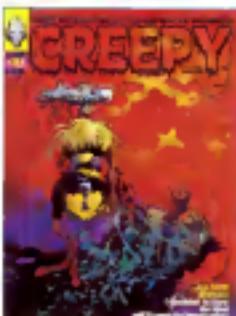
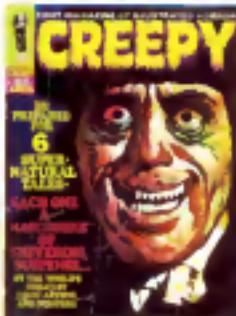
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INCREDIBLE SPECIAL ISSUE



WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT AN EIGHT-YEAR OLD CREEP?

For many years you all those that are living us the true lowdown on the very own Uncle CREEPY who he is where he hangs from and who spearheaded him what follows is a ghoulish history of the world's favorite horror comic book.

The first announcement of an all-new black and white horror comic book called CREEPY appeared in the December 1964 Famous Monsters #29. For its very first appearance before the reading public CREEPY announced that the publisher of Famous Monsters— a guy named Jim Warren—is now my prisoner! As you read this he is chained to the walls of my dungeon, wondering what diabolical hero is now in store for you readers of Famous Monsters & Monster World! And now my little friends I am coming after you! And who am I? Hah, hah. My name is CREEPY, of course!

Although CREEPY started as a quarterly that is four issues a year with the second issue it went bi-monthly due to its incredible popular reception at newsstands in Transylvania. CREEPY is now a healthy 8-year old.

Although there was a long and moldy list of applicants to host



From the wreckage she hauls left in their wake came a small baby named CREEPY From Angelo Torres' "Monster Rally" CREEPY #4.

the new comic magazine Uncle CREEPY a bloodshot comatose-eyed and balding ghoul was chosen. Says CREEPY's publisher. We wanted the idea of a horror comic book's a la the EC concept. EC (Entertaining Comics) published a line of horror comics in the early 1950's each with its own nest to introduce and end each creepy tale similar to CREEPY.

The idea of a horror host began during radio's heyday when sinister voices like those of Arch Oboler and Nelson Olmstead introduced such territory shows as "Lights Out" and "Suspense".

Asked to draw several hosts among the motley crew applying for the job, ex-EC cartoonist Jack Davis took CREEPY's host to his liking. As CREEPY himself explained on the letters page of CREEPY #5: "Having my pose in the flesh is a big brain strain for just one artist so nearly everyone on the staff has been forced to render my weird likeness although the largest number have been done by Jack (DEMON) Davis!"

While CREEPY has appeared as a character in several stories, even one which pretends to be his origin story, he denies all of them. "Monster Rally" in CREEPY #4 reprinted in the

CREEPY #27 Annual, which Artie Goodwin and illustrated by Angelo Torres tells the story of a mad doctor whose work on asphyxiated mannequin-types explodes in his face and erupts in the birth of CREEPY.

In the story "Name is. Where from CREEPY #22 two hooded break into a comic shop only to find themselves face to face with a rugged gallery of zombies, mummies and ghosts. Artist Pat Royte cleverly revealed the facade of the comic shop in the last panel with Uncle



His time had come and there was no way to turn back the clock on Little Cousin Eerie

cie CREEPY sitting in the shadows, knife in hand and about to partake of roast pig for dinner. Said CREEPY: "I could stay for dinner after dropping in like that! Unwittingly, the hooded had broken into CREEPY's private domain." Ron Parker scripted the piece.

In Surprise Package from CREEPY #27, scripted by Bill Panich and drawn by Ernie Colon, CREEPY and Eerie were interplanetary fugitives who traveled through space with a cargo of Earth's more familiar monsters in search of a new world. "You thought maybe we were from the world?" asked CREEPY at the end. "We aren't."



CREEPY makes a rare appearance before the public in this 1964 "Bullwinkle" comic strip from CREEPY #3. Art and story by Al Kilgore

No Due to the the Tales CREEPY IS See Monsters You May well be a Tales From C movie featuring most horrific all from CREEPY.

While you might want to be best in your basement with a gory CREEPY ring, OR PY's loathsome cartoon character— the ing and ure, er, I long. Perhaps you're



CREEPY as the host is assisted ghouls

production of Jack Davis' fantastic cover of CREEPY #1.

Or the Best of CREEPY paperback? Featuring 160 pages of mind-bending horror from the 1960s, partly issues of CREEPY #1.

All time CREEPY followers belong to the CREEPY Fan Club and own an 8 x 10 Full Color portrait of CREEPY by the masterful Frank Frazetta plus a big 3 Full color and Official Member Card.

Thus ends the stirring saga of a Russian ghoulmonian who hit the big time by hosting the world's most macabre horror magazine!



The year was 1964 and a new comic magazine called CREEPY was born.



CREEPY

INCREDIBLE SPECIAL ISSUE



SPECIAL ISSUE NO. 48 "100"

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CREEPY

CONTENTS SPECIAL ISSUE No. 48

OCTOBER 1972

4

THE COFFIN OF DRACULA The
terrifying sequel to Bram Stoker's vampire
classic "Dracula!" An epic-making horror
classic from CREEPY #'s 8 & 9.

20

THE CASTLE ON THE MOOR
Tour an ancient castle with Lord Everleigh as
your host but beware the stuff of legend all
around you! From CREEPY #9.

26

MOON CITY The moon awaits, a rich
and fertile land, brimming with promise for the
first of Earth's colonizers. From CREEPY #4.

32

SWAMPED! The dark and savage world
of murky Bayou country proves to be a not-so-
perfect camouflage for a killer. From CREEPY
#3.

40

THUMBS DOWN! Travel back to the
glorious days of the Roman Empire when a
man's fate hung on the position of a thumb!
From CREEPY #20.

46

THE COSMIC ALL A fantastic jour-
ney deep into the future with the first inter-
stellar star-craft as it nears Alpha Centauri.
From CREEPY #38.

54

DRINK DEEP! Cruise the Caribbean on
the luxury yacht of Reggie Beardsley as he
sets sail on the winds of terror! From CREEPY
#7.

74

**THE ADVENTURE OF THE
GERMAN STUDENT** Blood-curdling
terror from the pen of Washington Irving.
Walk the rain-washed streets of sheer horror
From CREEPY #15.



DESCEND INTO THE DUNGEON, SLAYMATES... I'VE GOT A TERROR-IFIC TREAT FOR YOU! A SHIVERING SEQUEL TO BRAM STOKER'S HORROR HALLMARK, "DRACULA"! GRIP YOUR WOODEN STAKES TIGHTLY AND WATCH YOUR JUGULAR VEIN IN THIS BONUS-LENGTHY SHOCKER, YOU'LL WITNESS THE OPENING OF...

The COFFIN of DRACULA!



LONDON! THE NINETEENTH CENTURY DRAWS TO A CLOSE... YET SUPERSTITION AND LEGEND CONTINUE TO PERSIST... AND EVEN IN A SPRAWLING CITY, SOME MEN STILL WALK THE PATH OF DARKNESS!

THE RIG'S DAMPNESS MADE THE KEYS SLIPPERY IN ADRIAN VARNEY'S HAND... HIS INSIDES WERE WARM FROM DRINKING EARLIER, AND HE COULD NOT SUPPRESS A SENSE OF EXCITEMENT... ANTICIPATION...

AFTER ALL, KOSLAK, IT WAS YOU WHO TOLD ME ABOUT THIS... BESIDES, YOU'LL BE WELL PAID!



JUNK... BRIC-A-BRAC... ALL WAITING TO BE SOLD BY MY UNCLE'S AUCTION HOUSE! THOUGHTFUL OF THE OLD BOY TO DIE... NOW IT'S ALL MINE!



HOLD THE LANTERN HIGHER... STOP SHAKING! YOU HELPED THE FIRM BRING THIS FROM EUROPE... WHY BE FRIGHTENED NOW?

THIS IS NOT A THING TO APPROACH IN DARKNESS!



THERE! I CAN READ THE NAMEPLATE...



UNCLE WILL TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE! HE BOUGHT A COFFIN FULL OF DIRT... AND STRANGE GRAY DUST!

P-PLEASE, LORD VARNEY! LET US LEAVE! THIS WAS NOT THE COFFIN OF AN ORDINARY MAN...



SINISTER LEGEND, EH? MARVELOUS! MY GUESTS WILL SHRIEK WHEN THEY SEE ME IN THIS... A COFFIN FOR A COSTUME!

N-NO... DON'T...



PERFECT FIT! AS THOUGH IT WERE MADE FOR ME...

LORD VARNEY!
GET OUT OF THE COFFIN... BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE...



...AND I FOR IT! MAKES ME FEEL DIFFERENTLY THAN I'VE EVER FELT IN MY LIFE! STRONGER...MORE POWERFUL... COMPLETELY!...



...TRANSFORMED!
KOSLAK! LEAN CLOSER!

NOOOOOO-OOOO-



ELSEWHERE IN LONDON, THERE WAS GAIETY, LAUGHTER, MUSIC, AND FOR SOME... A SENSE OF FOREBODING!

JONATHAN, I WISH WE'D NEVER ACCEPTED THE INVITATION... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT LORD WARNEY I'VE NEVER LIKED!

YOU'D THINK HE COULD AT LEAST ATTEND HIS OWN PARTY! IF I HADN'T BEEN SOLICITOR FOR HIS UNCLE'S ESTATE, WE'D NEVER HAVE COME!

MR. AND MRS. HARKER!

YOU MUST SEE! ADRIAN IS JUST TOO CLEVER... HE'S INSTALLED A REAL GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER IN THE LIBRARY... MARVELOUS!

PERHAPS SHE CAN FORETELL WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR HOST, EH, MINA?



"I SEE FOUR MEN SURROUND AND STOP THE WAGON... YOUNG LORD GOLDALMING, DR. JOHN SEWARD, AN AMERICAN, GUNCEY MORRIS, AND YOU, JONATHAN HARKER!"



"NOW I SEE FIGHTING, VIOLENT AND DEADLY AGAINST THE SETTING SUN. YOU AND THE AMERICAN, MORTALLY WOUNDED, GRASP THE COFFIN... STRAIN TO GET IT OFF THE WAGON..."



"THEN, THE SWEEP AND FLASH OF STEEL AND SWIFT ARC OF THE WOODEN SNAFT!"



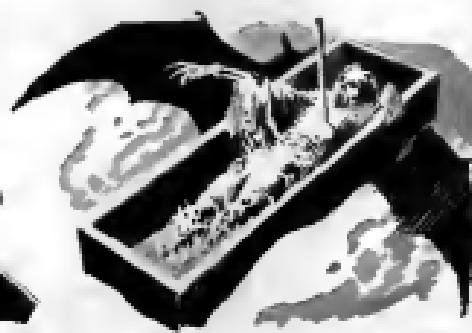
"IN THE DISTANCE, I SEE OTHER EYES WATCHING. THE OLD DOCTOR, VAN HELSING, AND A WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL BUT TAINTED BY UNSPEAKABLE EVIL... YOU, ANNA HARKER!"



"THE COFFIN IS OPEN! INSIDE... THE PRINCE OF DEMONS! HE GRINS IN TRIUMPH... THE SUN IS DOWN, HIS POWERS ARE FULL!"



"I HEAR YOUR SOBS OF RELIEF AS THE VAMPIRE'S CURSE IS LIFTED... I SEE, ALMOST IN THE DRAWING OF A BREATH, A WHOLE BODY CRUMBLE INTO GRAY DUST INSIDE THE COFFIN... I SEE THE DEATH OF... COUNT DRACULA!"



NO CRYSTAL BALL COULD TELL ALL THAT! HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT TRANSPiRED, OLD WOMAN?

PLEASE... I MEANT ONLY TO FRIGHTEN A LITTLE! MY HUSBAND, KOSLAK, TOLD ME... HE WAS ONE OF THE GYPSIES ON THE WAGON!



MY COSTUME IS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN I DREAMED POSSIBLE...

...MY ONLY INTENTION WAS TO SEE IF THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. HARKER WILL GRANT A DANCE TO HER HOST!



ALL THE COUNT'S ESTATE WAS GATHERED FOR AUCTION... MY HUSBAND AND MANY OTHER GYPSIES WERE HIRED TO HELP TRANSPORT EVERYTHING... EVEN THE GREAT CASKET!

DRACULA'S COFFIN IN ENGLAND?

JONATHAN! LOOK!!



BUT--
I--

YOU CAN'T
REFUSE YOUR
HOST!



I REALLY DON'T CARE
TO DANCE, LORD VARNEY
PLEASE LET ME GO
BACK TO MY HUSBAND!

WE'VE ONLY JUST
BEGUN, MRS. HARDER!
I MUST PERSUADE
YOU TO CONTINUE... I'LL
USE ALL MY POWERS!

THE WIND!
THE LIGHTS ARE
GOING OUT!

JONATHAN!
JONATH--

MINA! WHERE
ARE YOU? WHAT'S
WRONG??!

MINA'S BAS! DEAR
GOD, WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

VARNEY! IS
THAT YOU? WHERE
MINA...?



AS DIRECTOR OF AN INSANE ASYLUM, DR. JOHN SEWARD HAD LEARNED TO CONTROL HIS EMOTIONS, YET LISTENING TO JONATHAN HARKER RECOUNT THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, HE COULD NOT SUPPRESS A RISING TIDE OF FEAR AND DREAD... FEELINGS HE HAD NOT EXPERIENCED SINCE HE AND THE OTHERS HAD MATCHED WITS, AND SOULS, AGAINST COUNT DRACULA!

"YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I COULD TURN TO, JOHN... AND DR. VAN HELSING! THANK GOD, YOU WERE VISITING!"

"CHANCE VISIT DID NOT BRING ME FROM AMSTERDAM, FRIEND JONATHAN, BUT DREADFUL PURPOSE!"

"ARTICLE IN THIS PAPER INDICATES ONE OF THE UNDEAD STALKS SEA COAST VILLAGE OF WHITBY... WHERE THERE IS VAMPIRE, THERE MUST I GO TO DO BATTLE!"



"SEVERAL WITNESSES CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN STRANGE SPECTRAL FIGURE NEAR SEA COAST AT DUSK, AND DAWN... COINCIDING WITH THESE SIGHTINGS ARE REPORTS OF VILLAGERS SUFFERING STRANGE BITES AND LOSS OF BLOOD! MY FRIENDS, WE MUST GO TO WHITBY AND DESTROY THIS CREATURE!"

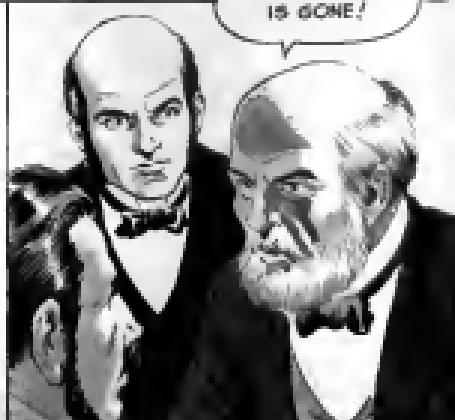


"WHITBY! DRACULA FIRST LANDED IN ENGLAND THERE! THIS COULD BE A VICTIM OF HIS WE NEVER DISCOVERED!"



"EVEN SO, I CANNOT DO IT! NOT WHILE MINA IS IN THE HANDS OF YET ANOTHER, FIEND!"

"FRIEND JONATHAN, I WOULD NOT ASK IT OF YOU IF I DID NOT BELIEVE THE SALVATION OF MADAM MINA LIES IN DESTROYING THIS CREATURE BEFORE ANOTHER NIGHT IS GONE!"



THE SURF CRASHED WITH LOUD PERSISTENCE AGAINST THE BREAKERS, AS THE THREE MEN SEARCHED DESPERATELY INTO THE PREDAWN HOURS...

WE'VE BEEN AT IT ALL NIGHT, DR. VAN HELSING! THESE CLIFFS ARE RIDLED WITH CAVES! HOW CAN WE HOPE TO FIND THE VAMPIRE?

YET IT IS OUR ONLY HOPE... AND ALEXANDRA ANDRA'S!

BUT WHY? WHAT HAS THIS CREATURE TO DO WITH ADRIAN VARNEY?



COUNT DRACULA IS KING AMONG UNDEAD... WE KILL HIS BODY, DESTROY HIS POWER, BUT NOT HIS SPIRIT! THAT LIVES AMONG SOIL AND ASHES IN HIS COFFIN! WAITING...

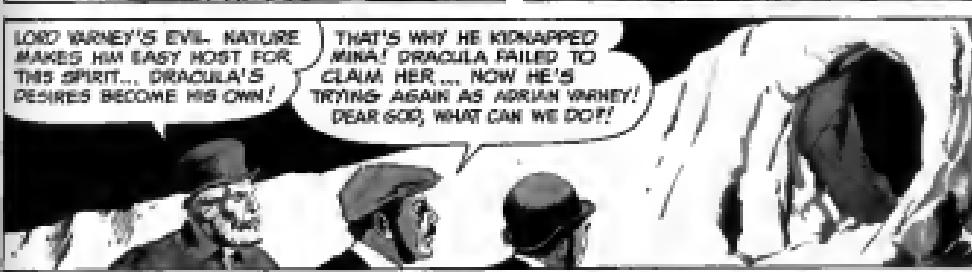
WAITING...

THERE! ANOTHER CAVE!



LORD VARNEY'S EVIL NATURE MAKES HIM EASY HOST FOR THIS SPIRIT... DRACULA'S DESIRES BECOME HIS OWN!

THAT'S WHY HE KIDNAPPED MINA! DRACULA FAILED TO CLAIM HER... NOW HE'S TRYING AGAIN AS ADRIAN VARNEY! DEAR GOD, WHAT CAN WE DO?



HE HAS NOT YET FULL POWERS! ONLY IF LORD VARNEY IS VAMPIRE CAN THIS BE SO... AND THIS WE MUST PREVENT!

ADRIAN CAN ONLY BECOME A VAMPIRE BY BEING ANOTHER'S VICTIM! YOU THINK HE'LL SEARCH OUT THIS ONE WE SEEK...

SHHHH! SOMETHING AHEAD!





NO! LORD, NO! HE'S
GETTING AWAY!
VARNEY'S GETTING
AWAY!!



WE'VE LET
VARNEY THROUGH
OUR FINGERS!

NO! IT IS
NOT VARNEY
THAT HAS
ESCAPED, BUT
COUNT
DRACULA!

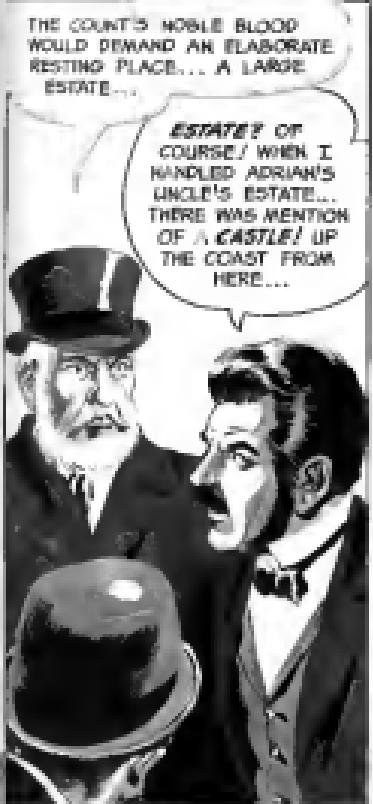
HIS SPIRIT'S
REGAINED ITS POWER/
WE'VE LOST... LOST!

NEARLY DAWN... TO
RETURN TO THE COFFIN
BEFORE THE
FIRST RAYS OF THE
SUN, HE MUST HAVE
IT SOMEWHERE
NEAR...



THE COUNT'S NOBLE BLOOD
WOULD DEMAND AN ELABORATE
RESTING PLACE... A LARGE
ESTATE...

ESTATE? OF
COURSE! WHEN I
HANDLED ADRIAN'S
UNCLE'S ESTATE...
THERE WAS MENTION
OF A CASTLE! UP
THE COAST FROM HERE...



...CASTLE
VARNEY!

EVEN IN THE DAY
LIGHT, IT LOOKS
FORMIDABLE!

LOCKED UP TIGHT!/ WE'LL HAVE TO TRUST OUR LUCK TO THESE. CAN YOU MAKE THE CLIMB, DR. VAN HELSING?



BEHIND THESE WALLS MADAM MINA MAY LIE VICTIM TO THAT MONSTER... CAN I DO LESS THAN TRY?



ROOM AFTER ROOM WAS BROKEN INTO AND EXPLORIED... ANXIOUS MINUTES STRETCHED INTO FRUSTRATING HOURS...



THE FUNERAL COACH VARNEY USED THAT TO CARRY MINA AWAY/ THE COFFIN WAS INSIDE...



DOCTOR! IS SHE...?

THE FAIREST OF
HEARTBEATS! WE
MUST ACT QUICKLY...



ONE THING MAY
WORK...
TRANSFUSION!

DRAIN EVERY LAST
DROP FROM MY BODY...
BUT SAVE HER!



SOMEWHERE IN THIS CASTLE, ADRIAN
VARNEY IS AT REST... BUILDING UP
TO WORK GREATER EVIL... YOU YOUNG
MEN MUST BE STRONG AND READY TO
MEET HIS CHALLENGE WHEN IT COMES!
MADAM MINA WILL RECEIVE MY
BLOOD!

DROP BY DROP, EVER SO SLOWLY, THE VITAL RED
FLUID IS FED BACK INTO THE RAWCHED VEINS OF
MADAM HARKER...

IT'S LATE... THE SUN IS
DROPPING LIKE A ROCK! HOW
IS IT GOING? SHE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE... GOOD LORD!



GYPSIES! LOADING THE COFFIN
INTO THE FUNERAL COACH! EITHER
VARNEY'S STILL IN THERE
OR HE'S...

... BEHIND
US! /





HALF-BLINDED WITH PAIN, THE BLACK-CAPED FIGURE RACED TO THE COURTYARD AND THE WAITING FUNERAL COACH... A CRACK OF THE WHIP AND AN ANGRY CRY SENT THE HORSE LEAPING FORWARD!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE WHIP CRACKED... THE RUMBLING COACH CREAKED AND STRAINED IN PROTEST AT THE RELENTLESS URGING OF THE DEMON DRIVER... STONE AND ROCK SCATTERED AND FELL HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE FOWNDING SURF BELOW!





TSK! TSK! LOOKS LIKE THE COUNT'S SPENTS HAVE BEEN DAMPED... OR WILL THIS BE A CASE OF WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP? WELL SEE IN THE FUTURE... MEANTIME, FOR THE PRESENT, I'VE GOT ANOTHER FRIGHT-FABLE FOR YOU!





HEH, HEH, HEH! ALL READY FOR ANOTHER SESSION IN UNCLE CREEPY'S LIBRARY OF LOATHSOME LORE? WELL, COME INSIDE, THEN...AND LOCK THE DOOR! YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO TAKE PART IN A TRULY **TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE** WHILE ON A TOUR OF...

The CASTLE on the MOOR!

DARK AND BLOODING, EVERLEIGH CASTLE STANDS IN SINISTER SILENCE AGAINST THE BLEAK, LATE AFTERNOON SKY OF WINTER. THE BARREN, CRAGGY MOOR, STRETCHING IN ALL DIRECTIONS TO FAR DISTANT CIVILIZATION, POSED NUMEROUS QUESTIONS AS TO THE WHY AND WHEREFOR OF A CASTLE, HERE, ON SUCH FORSAKEN LAND, BUT THE MANY REASONS FOR ITS CONSTRUCTION LIE BURIED DEEP IN THE PAST AND HAVE NO MEANING FOR THOSE OF THE PRESENT. LORD EVERLEIGH, PROUD DESCENDANT OF HISTORIC, NOBLE ANCESTORY, HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO REMAIN HERE, LOST IN A USELESS HULK OF UGLY STONE AND MORTAR, TRAPPED BY BEING HEIR TO AN ECONOMIC MILLSTONE, A POSSESSION HE CANNOT SELL, YET CANNOT MAINTAIN. A MILLSTONE THAT ONLY ENABLES HIM TO EKE AN EXISTENCE BY HANGING A SIGN ON THE FRONT DOOR READING... "EVERLEIGH CASTLE, GUIDED TOURS DAILY."



THE COACH RATTLED TO A HALT BEFORE THE BROAD STEPS OF EVERLEIGH CASTLE AND DISCHARGED ITS FIVE PASSENGERS. FIVE TOURISTS FROM THE NEAREST TOWN, TWENTY-SEVEN MILES AWAY, ALL STRANGERS TO ONE ANOTHER. A FEW HOURS PAST, NOW A CURIOUS GROUP OF ACQUAINTANCES, STANDING TIMIDLY BEFORE THE TOWERING WALLS, WAITING PATIENTLY, EXPECTANTLY, NERVOUSLY... UNTIL THE MINUTES PASSED AND LORD EVERLEIGH APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY...



AND SO, AS IT HAPPENED EVERY DAY, THE TOUR BEGAN, AND THE LONG, BLOODY HISTORY OF EVERLEIGH CASTLE WAS UNFOLDED, ROOM BY ROOM, DUNGEON AFTER DUNGEON, FLOOR UPON FLOOR, UNTIL THEY REACHED THE TOUR'S END...THE TOWER.

LORD EVERLEIGH, YOU HAVEN'T SHOWN US WHAT'S UP THERE! WHAT'S THAT DOOR?

THERE'S NOTHING IN THERE, MY DEAR MRS. HILL, AND I FEAR THIS CASTLE IS SO OLD IT WOULD BE QUITE DANGEROUS TO TRY THOSE STEPS! I MUST INSIST NO ONE GO UP THERE.

HA, HA, HA! YOU CAN'T FOOL US, LORD EVERLEIGH! THAT'S WHERE ALL THE GHOSTS ARE WHO HAUNT THIS SPOOKY OLD PLACE!

YES! OF COURSE! OH, LORD EVERLEIGH, PLEASE TAKE US UP THERE!

NO, I'M SORRY, BUT THE TOUR IS ENDED! WE MUST RETURN TO THE MAIN HALL! YOUR CARRIAGE WILL BE ARRIVING SHORTLY! PLEASE FOLLOW ME!



AS THE GROUP REACHED THE MAIN FLOOR...

LORD EVERLEIGH, SIR, TELEPHONE MESSAGE FOR YOU. THE CARRIAGE HAS BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT. THERE WILL BE A DELAY UNTIL ANOTHER ONE CAN BE SENT FOR YOUR GUESTS.

OH, THAT'S DREADFUL... I DO HOPE THE DRIVER WASN'T INJURED...

HOW LONG WILL WE HAVE TO WAIT?

AT LEAST SEVERAL HOURS, I FEAR. PLEASE TRY TO MAKE YOURSELVES AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE. IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I SHALL SEE ABOUT REFRESHMENTS!



WELL, AN UNEXPECTED PAUSE IN THE FESTIVITIES, BUT A WELCOME ONE FOR ME! I'M FAMISHED, ARENT YOU, MISS Crichton?

I CERTAINLY AM! I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW LONG WE'VE BEEN HERE! IT'S AFTER DARK!

ABISH! THIS FIRE FEELS GOOD! MIGHT JUST TAKE A BIT OF A NAP BEFORE MEALTIME! ALL THAT CLIMBING UP AND DOWN STAIRS...TRED ME OUT...



PEACEFULLY, THE TIME PASSED UNTIL THE BUTLER ANNOUNCED THAT DINNER WAS SERVED. THE TOURISTS STROLLED INTO THE HUGE DINING ROOM AND TOOK THEIR PLACES... IT WAS THEN THEY DISCOVERED...

WHERE'S MRS. HILL?

WHY... SHE'S NOT HERE!

WHAT? GREAT SCOTT! SHE CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO ROAM THE CASTLE! I'LL SEARCH FOR HER!

PLEASE... DO GO ON WITH YOUR DINING! I'M SURE SHE HAVEN'T GONE FAR! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

MR. WAYNE, LORD EVERLEIGH SEEMS UPSET! COULDNT YOU HELP HIM FIND MRS. HILL?

HURRIEDLY, LORD EVERLEIGH MADE HIS WAY UP THROUGH THE CASTLE, NOT ONCE STOPPING TO SEARCH OR CALL OUT... UNTIL HE REACHED THE TOWER...

I KNEW IT! I KNEW SHE'D COME HERE! THE DOOR IS OPEN!

YOU'RE RIGHT... OF COURSE! I WILL...

WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT THAT DOOR BEING OPEN? WHAT'S WRONG?



MR. WAYNE! I... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD FOLLOWED ME! WHY, NOTHIN'S WRONG, REALLY! MRS. HILL HAD BEEN CURIOUS ABOUT THIS DOOR... BUT SHE'S NOT HERE! WE'D BEST GO BACK...

NOT SO FAST! I'M RATHER CURIOUS AS TO WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR MYSELF! STAND ASIDE!





WAIT! COME
BACK! HE MAY
BE OUT
THERE!

OF COURSE! HE MUST
HAVE GONE OUTSIDE!
CLOSE THE DOOR!
QUICKLY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'D
BE FOOLISH TO TRY TO
RUN AFTER THOSE TWO!
I'LL BOLT THE DOOR,
THEN TELEPHONE FOR
HELP!

MR. WAYNE!
LORD
EVERLEIGH'S
PAINTING!

THE STRAIN'S BEEN TOO MUCH
FOR HIM! SMALL WONDER IT
HASN'T KILLED HIM, POOR
FELLOW! THIS HALL IS SO
DEAFTY! HELP ME GET HIM
INTO THE MAIN ROOM, BY
THE FIRE!

SO MANY THINGS
ARE HAPPENING
SO FAST! I'M
TERRIFIED!
WHAT'S GOING ON?

ALL THESE HIDEOUS KILLINGS HAVE
BEEN DONE BY A WEREWOLF...
AND THE WEREWOLF IS LORD
EVERLEIGH'S SON! MRS. HILL LET
HIM LOOSE ACCIDENTLY... AND
PAID WITH HER LIFE!

MRS. HILL IS
DEAD, TOO! MY HEAVENS!
WHAT WILL
WE DO, MR.
WAYNE? I...
LISTEN!

THE WEREWOLF!

WHY... MY SON... IT'S
MY SON... HELP ME...
HELP ME UP...



MR. WAYNE! QUICKLY!
THE BUFFET DRAWER!
HURRY!
AAAAAAGH-HAHAH!

LORD EVERLEIGH!

IT'S A PISTOL! AND
SILVER BULLETS!

HURRY! HE'S KILLED
LORD EVERLEIGH!!



...AND FUMBLING IN FRANTIC HURRY, HE CRAMS A BULLET INTO THE CHAMBER! AND AS THE BLOOD-CRAZED BEAST HURLS ITSELF UPON HIS NEXT VICTIM...



IT'S ALL OVER, NOW,
MISS CREIGHTON...
THE WEREWOLF IS
DEAD... IN FACT,
EVERYONE'S DEAD!

OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU
DIDN'T MISS! HE WAS SO
CLOSE... SO CLOSE! IF
YOU HADN'T SAVED ME,
MR. WAYNE...



MR. WAYNE, STOP!
YOU... YOU'RE...
CHOKING... ME...

I HAD TO SAVE YOU, MISS CREIGHTON! A GOUL JUST CAN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION OF SO MANY DEAD BODIES! EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE MANGLED AND TORN, NONTHELESS, THEY'LL PROVIDE ME WITH A MARVELOUS FEAST! BUT I HAD TO MAKE SURE YOU DIED UNMARKED! AND WHAT A DELICIOUS DESSERT YOU WILL MAKE, MISS CREIGHTON! WHAT A DELICIOUS DESSERT!

WELL, SNAP MY
TOOTHPICK! THAT
SNEAKY MR. WAYNE
SURE TAKES THE
CAKE! ER... I MEAN,
THE DESSERT! HE'S
THE ONLY FELLOW I
KNOW WHO DOESN'T
HAVE TO PAY HIS
FOOD BILL! IN THE
ER... "RESTAURANTS"
HE DINES IN,
NOBODY PICKS
UP THE CHECK!
HEH. HEH!

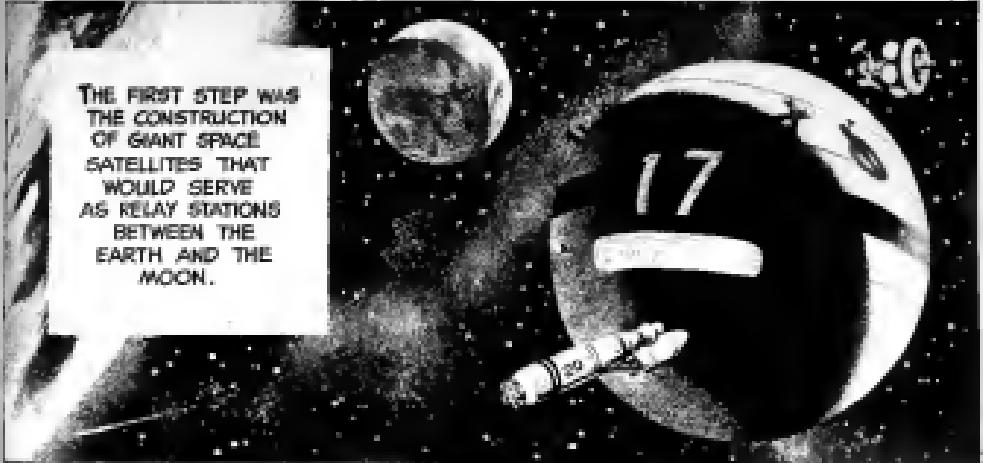


LIFE TOO ROUGH NOWADAYS? MAYBE YOU'LL
LIKE THE YEAR 2074... THE WORLD'S AT PEACE
AND READY TO PIONEER THE PLANETS! THEY'VE
THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING IN PREPARING THE
FIRST SETTLEMENT... OR HAVE THEY? SEE
FOR YOURSELF AS OPERATION BEGINS
ON A...

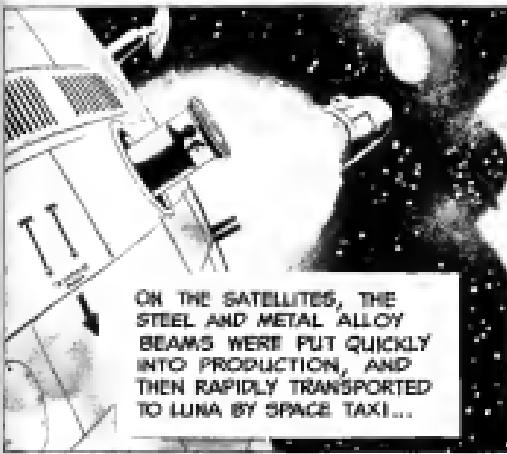
MOON CITY!



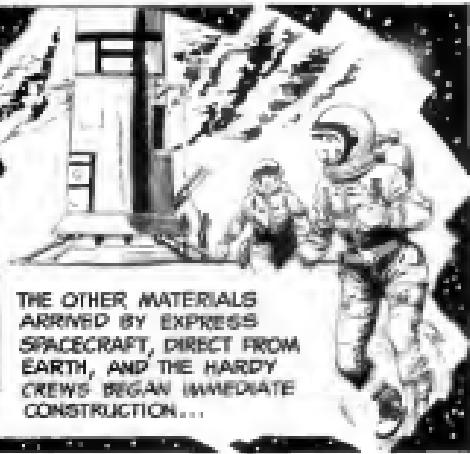
THE FIRST STEP WAS THE CONSTRUCTION OF GIANT SPACE SATELLITES THAT WOULD SERVE AS RELAY STATIONS BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE MOON.



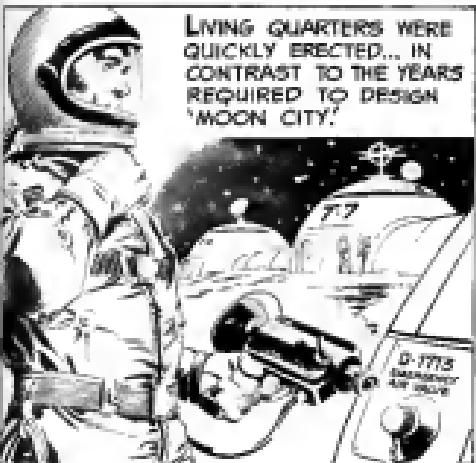
ON THE SATELLITES, THE STEEL AND METAL ALLOY BEAMS WERE PUT QUICKLY INTO PRODUCTION, AND THEN RAPIDLY TRANSPORTED TO LUNA BY SPACE TAXI...



THE OTHER MATERIALS ARRIVED BY EXPRESS SPACECRAFT, DIRECT FROM EARTH, AND THE HARDY CREWS BEGAN IMMEDIATE CONSTRUCTION...

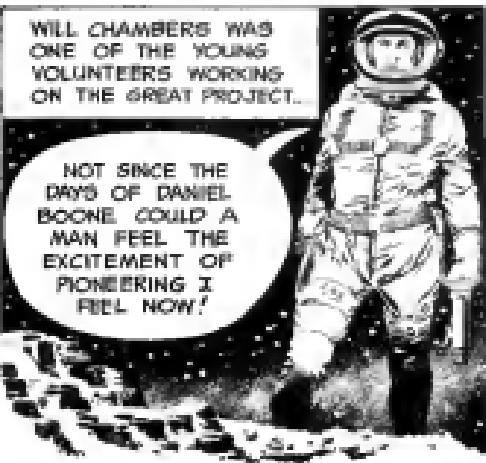


LIVING QUARTERS WERE QUICKLY ERECTED... IN CONTRAST TO THE YEARS REQUIRED TO DESIGN 'MOON CITY.'



WILL CHAMBERS WAS ONE OF THE YOUNG VOLUNTEERS WORKING ON THE GREAT PROJECT.

NOT SINCE THE DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE COULD A MAN FEEL THE EXCITEMENT OF PIONEERING I FEEL NOW!



BETWEEN WORK PERIODS, WILL'S THOUGHTS WERE 240,000 MILES AWAY...

WHEN I COMPLETE MY JOB,
JENNIFER AND I WILL BE
MARRIED ON EARTH... AND
WE'LL RETURN TO MOON
CITY TO BUILD A
NEW LIFE!

... WHILE BACK
ON EARTH...

THE MOON HAS
ALWAYS SHONE
DOWN ON LOVERS...
BUT WILL AND I
WILL ACTUALLY
LIVE THERE!

WILL'S FIANCÉE WAS ONE OF A VOLUNTARY
GROUP PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE
SETTLEMENT OF MOON CITY...

WITHIN THE CITY'S
PROTECTIVE DOME, YOU
WILL BE ABLE TO FUNCTION
MUCH AS YOU DO NOW...

OH... IF ONLY I
COULD BE
WITH WILL
NOW!

CONSTRUCTION PROGRESSED RAPIDLY IN THE MONTH THAT
FOLLOWED, AND WHEN AT LAST THE CITY WAS COMPLETED, A
GREAT DOME WAS PLACED TO ENVELOPE THE NEW METROPOLIS
SO THAT FUTURE INHABITANTS WOULD BE ABLE TO MOVE
ABOUT WITHOUT CUMBERSOME SPACESUITS...

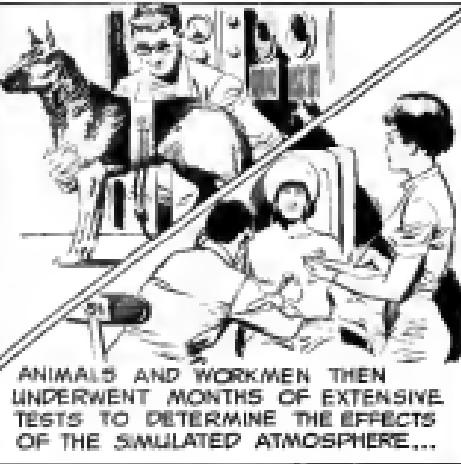
WITH THE COMPLETION OF THE DOME, SUPPLIES BEGAN TO ARRIVE ABOARD THE TRANSPORT ROCKETS...



AND WERE CAREFULLY STORED FOR THE INHABITANTS WHO WOULD ARRIVE LATER...



CATTLE AND OTHER SELECTED ANIMALS ARRIVED, AND WERE BROUGHT INTO MOON CITY IN PRESSURIZED CARGO CARRIERS...



AND WHEN THE TESTS WERE COMPLETED, MOST OF THE CREW AND ALL THE ANIMALS WERE EVACUATED.



ONLY THE DECONTAMINATION SQUAD REMAINED. IT WAS THEIR JOB TO SPRAY THE ENTIRE COMPOUND... TO RID IT OF EVEN THE SMALLEST GERM BROUGHT DURING THE CONSTRUCTION...



THE CITY WAS LEFT A HOLLOW, STERILIZED SHELL, AND WOULD REMAIN SO FOR FIVE YEARS... THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE TO FULLY TEST THE PRESSURIZED CONTROLS...



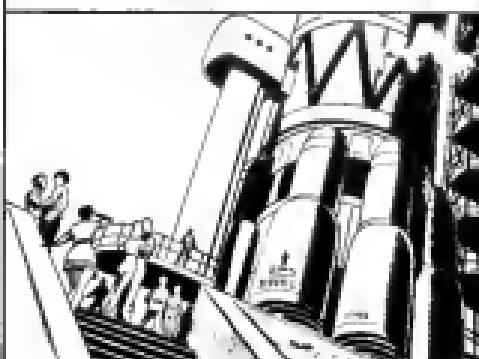
FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS OF EARTH, AFTER THE ROCKETS LANDED, MOON CITY WAS FORGOTTEN... AT LEAST BY TWO PEOPLE...



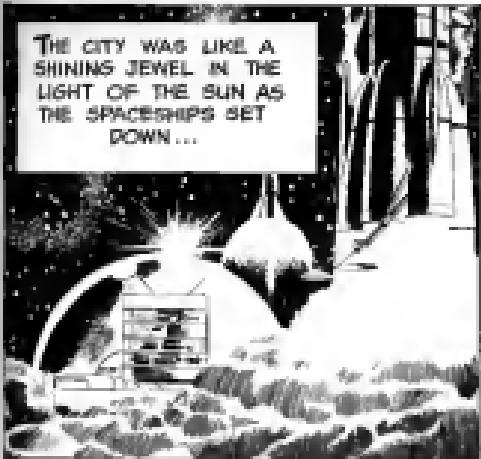
THE MONTHS PASSED RAPIDLY INTO YEARS... THEN, FINALLY...



THE FAREWELLS WERE TEARFUL AND EMOTIONAL AS THE YOUNG PEOPLE BOARDED POISED AND READY ROCKETS DESTINED FOR THE NEW FRONTIER...



THE CITY WAS LIKE A SHINING JEWEL IN THE LIGHT OF THE SUN AS THE SPACESHIPS SET DOWN...



SHINING EYES AND BEATING HEARTS WERE THE ORDER OF THE DAY AS THE SETTLERS ENTERED THEIR NEW HOME...



WITH THE ARRIVALS SAFELY LOCKED INSIDE THE PRESSURE DOME, THE ROCKETS RETURNED TO EARTH FOR ADDITIONAL SUPPLIES...



THE HAPPY SOUNDS SOON STOPPED IN THE THROATS OF THE NEW ARRIVALS WHEN THEY SAW THE TERRIBLE GLEAMING EYES!



OVERLOOKED WHEN THE TEST ANIMALS WERE EVACUATED WAS A PREGNANT GERMAN SHEPHERD, THAT SOON GAVE BIRTH TO A LARGE LITTER, WHICH GREW STRONG ON THE CONTAINER'S PURE AIR AND MULTIPLIED RAPIDLY IN THE FIVE LONG YEARS! AFTER THE FOOD SUPPLIES WERE DEVOURED BY THE DOGS, CAME STARVATION, FOLLOWED BY MADNESS... THEN, AT LAST, ARRIVED... FOOD!





C'MON, YOU RED-BLOODED READERS! GO SOUTH FOR THE WINTER, AND MEET DRUSILLA... YOU GOTTA BE RED-BLOODED TO MEET HER. 'CAUSE SHE'S A VAMPIRE! DON'T BE TOO WORRIED... IT'S THE HEIGHT OF THE TOURIST SEASON AND DRUSILLA AND HER FAMILY ARE USUALLY...

SWAMPED!



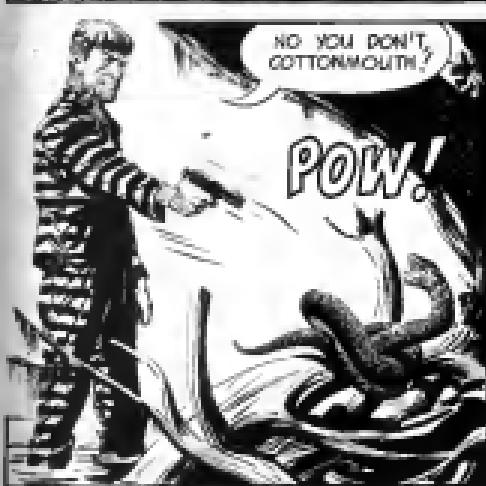
GETTIN' DARK, SHERIFF! RECKON WE OUGHTTA TURN BACK!

WE GOT TORCHES! NO TURNIN' BACK TILL THAT MAD POOF'S BACK IN IRONS!



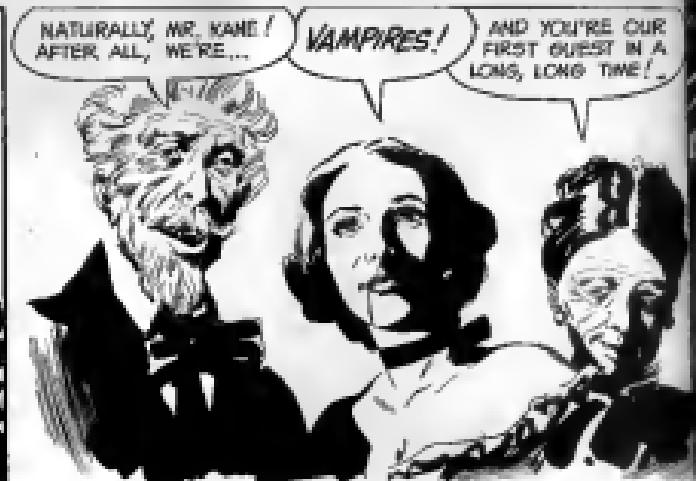
AIN'T NOBODY EVER BEEN THIS DEEP IN THE SWAMP BEFORE! AH'D SAY IT'S LIKELY OL' LEROY'LL GET KILLED ON HIS OWN WITHOUT OUR RUININ' HIM DOWN!

AH CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE! HE'S GOT AWAY ONCE... WE DON'T STOP TILL LEROY KANE'S BROUGHT TO REEL!











YAHUUUUU!

ARGHHH!!

NOOOOO!

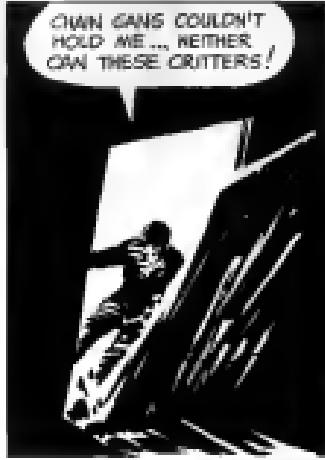
HEE! HEE! THEY
DONE IT! KILLED 'EM
ALL!



BEEN DANGED NEAR ALL DAY AT THIS! TOUGH OL' POOR! CUSHITA BE READY TO GO NOW!

OWN GANS COULDN'T HOLD ME... NEITHER CAN THESE CRITTERS!

HEAR, TELL THESE IN THE HEARTLIL' FO A VAMPIRE FOR SURE!



WHO BOY! WALKIN' OUT
FREE ... GOT ME A BONUS
OF ALL THIS SILVERWARE
IN THE BARGAIN!

YESSIR! DONE REAL
GOOD... HEY! WHAZZAT
NOISE?

BATS! CAN'T BE! AN
KILLED 'EM ALL! KILLED
ALL 'EM CRITTERS!



GUESS YOU DIDN'T KNOW SOME THINGS,
KANE! GUESS YOU DIDN'T KNOW EVERY
VICTIM OF A VAMPIRE TURNS INTO A
VAMPIRE HIMSELF! TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T
KNOW THAT, HUH,
KANE E!!

EEEEEEE-YAHHHHHHHH!!



HEH, HEH, HEH, POOR OL'
KANE REALLY GOT
SHAMPED DIDN'T HE?
BUT DON'T WORRY
ABOUT HIM, LITTLE
FRIENDS, HE'S STILL
AROUND! FOR HE TOO
IS A VAMPIRE! TOUGH
LUCK, EH? ANYWAY
GUESS IT BEATS
PRISON, HEH, HEH!



END

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN...LEND ME YOUR WARPED LITTLE MINDS AND I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE OLD ROMAN EMPIRE FOR SOME HYSTERICAL HISTORY...BACK TO THE BLOODY ARENAS WHERE A MAN'S LIFE DEPENDS ON THE SIMPLE GESTURE OF THUMBS UP OR...

THUMBS DOWN!

WITH A ROAR OF SURPRISE AND EXCITEMENT, THE CROWD IN THE COLISEUM OF THE ROMAN CITY OF MUTHIAS WAS ON ITS FEET. THE FAVORED GLADIATOR HAD FALLEN AND AN AIR OF BLOOD AND DEATH SWEPT THE ARENA!

YOUR MAN, ASLIO, HAS FOUGHT WELL, BRAECHUS.. SHALL I LET HIM LIVE?

AS GAMES MASTER OF THE ARENA, I'VE LEARNED ONE VERY IMPORTANT LESSON, YOUR HIGHNESS...

...CROWDS COME HERE
TO SEE ONE THING. (BURP)
THE SPILLING OF
BLOODY! AND A GOOD
GAMESMASTER...



...NEVER DISAPPOINTS THEM!



AS THE CROWD STREAMED FROM THE ARENA AT
THE GAMES' END, BRACCHUS RUSHED HAPPILY
BELOW TO THE GLADIATORS' ROOMS, AS DRUNK
WITH GREED AND POWER AS WITH THE STRONG
RED WINE HE HAD SWILLED ALL AFTERNOON...

AND SO HE
DOESN'T WHO
CAN BE FREE
THAN A DEAD
MAN

WELL FOUGHT,
CASSIUS! YOU'VE
MADE YOURSELF
CHAMPION
AND ME A
RICH MAN.
EVERY FOOL
IN THE CITY
WAS BETTING
ON AGLIO!

BUT YOU TOLD
AGLIO HE COULD
HAVE HIS FREE-
DOM IF HE
LET ME WIN!



WHAT ABOUT
ME, BRACCHUS?
WILL YOU SOON
GRANT ME SUCH
FREEDOM?

...?

NOT YOU,
CASSIUS! YOU
SHAME MY SECRET
HAVE MY GRATITUDE
YOU, I'LL TAKE
CARE OF!



SO BRACCHUS AND HIS ARENA PROSPERED...
GROWING DAILY WITH
THE INCREASED TRADE
IN DEATH AND
BRUTALITY...



SHAMEY THE
PEOPLE STARVE
AND DIE IN THE STREETS
AND SUPPLY SHIPS BRING
ONLY ANIMALS AND SAND
FOR THE ARENA!
SHAME, BRACCHUS!



CONCERNED ABOUT FOOD,
EH? WELL, TOMORROW YOU
CAN HELP FEED
SOME STARVING
LIONS--WITH
YOUR FLESH!



BUT ALL BRACCHUS'S PROBLEMS WERE
NOT SO SIMPLE OR SO EASILY SOLVED...

A GLADIATOR'S
LIFE IS A HARD
ONE, BRACCHUS.
EVEN IN YOUR FIXED
CONTESTS! I WANT
TO BE MADE
A FREE MAN!



THE GAMES ARE
IMPORTANT TO THE
PEOPLE...YOU'D BE
TORN APART IF WORD
REACHED THEM
YOUR CONTESTS
ARE DISHONEST



A GOOD
POINT, WELL
ARGUED, CASSIUS!
I'LL SEE WHAT
I CAN DO!





NIGHT BROUGHT NO
DESIRE FOR SLEEP
TO BRACCHUS... IT
WAS A TIME FOR
CELEBRATION! THE
FEAST OF APOLLO
WOULD BRING THE
BIGGEST CROWDS
OF THE YEAR AND
HE COULD NOT
RESIST A LAST
JABILANT REVIEW
TO MAKE SURE HIS
DOMAIN WAS IN
READINESS...

CHEER UP, SABRAS!
TONIGHT I DINED WITH
THE TERRITORIAL GOV'DOR!
TOMORROW... YOU'RE GONA
PATTEN ON CHISHANS!

HEWEE! YOU NEED THIS MEATIN'
ME? YOU MEAT DOWN THERE?
GONNA BE FOOD FOR THE
BIG CATS... GONNA MAKE
ME A BIG SUCCESS!



WELL? WHOZAT?
WHAT'S YOU
DONT' HERE? NO-
BODY'S ALLOWED
HERE TILL
TOMORROW...
GET OUT OF
MY ARENA!



ANNOY! THEY'LL BE LOOSE HERE
IN THE ARENA
WITH ME!



EVEN AS A WHIRLWIND OF HOT BREATH, FANGS, AND CLAWS
SPRAWLED HIM INTO THE ARENA SAND, BRACCHUS'S EYES LOOKED
READILY UP AT THE LAST SIGHT THEY WOULD EVER SEE...THE
HAND FROM THE GRAVE FORMING THE HOPELESS GESTURE MORE
FAMILIAR TO HIM THAN THE DEATH CRY WHICH EVEN NOW BURST
FROM HIS MOUTH!

HEH, HEH! THAT ONE'S A REAL
SCREAM! HOPE ALL YOU CATS
DUG IT...WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT
WHEN YOU GO 'ROAMIN'' AROUND
THE ARENA AT NIGHT? YOU'RE
BOUND TO BUMP INTO
SOMEBONE WHO'S ALL
THWAVERS
DOWN!



NOW FOR A REALLY FAR OUT TALE... LIKE, FOUR LIGHT YEARS OUT AS SOME SPACED-OUT SPACEMEN ON A WILD TRIP DISCOVER SOME MIND-BENDING FACTS ABOUT THE UNIVERSE, LIFE, AND...

THE COSMIC CALL

THE FIRST INTERSTELLAR SHIP "ALDREN" SLOWED DOWN TO "ONE LIGHT" (OR, TO PUT IT CORRECTLY, RE-ENTERED NORMAL SPACE AND TIME) JUST A MILLION MILES AWAY FROM THEIR AIMING POINT ON THE RIM OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM SURROUNDING THE NEAREST STAR, ALPHA CENTAURI...

YES SIR! COURSE FOR ALPHA III IS BEING FEED IN NOW, SIR!

THE READINGS INDICATE WE'LL NEED FULL EQUIPMENT... BETTER SUIT UP, KIDS!

YES SIR!

ENTERING THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE NOW... FIRE RETROS!

LANDING PARTY READY TO DIS-EMBARK, SIR!

STRANGE...
THERE'S LOTS
OF PLANT
LIFE, SO
THERE MIGHT BE
ANIMAL LIFE
AS WELL...

BUT SO
FAR WE'VE
SEEN NO SIGN
OF IT!

LOOK!
SKELETONS!

THIS ONE
LOOKS ALMOST
HUMANOID... WE
MAY RUN INTO
INTELLIGENT
LIFE...

NOTHING BUT
BONES... THIS
WHOLE WORLD
IS A GRAVE-
YARD!

SIR! COME
HERE!
QUICK!

A SPACE
SHIP!

AND MORE
BONES... WELL,
THAT'S ENOUGH
FOR TODAY!

WE'LL CAMP
HERE BY THIS
LAKE...

DON, YOU'LL
STAND THE
FIRST
WATCH!

THE CREW WAS SOON
ASLEEP, AND EVEN THE
GUARD NODDED, WHEN...



THEY LANDED ON
THE SECOND PLANET,
ONLY TO FIND...



AND
LOOK!
THE
SUNNE!

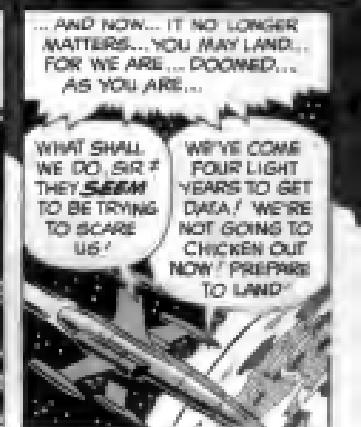


AND THEN, AS THEY
APPROACHED THE
NEXT WORLD...



SUDDENLY...





SCREEEOOM!

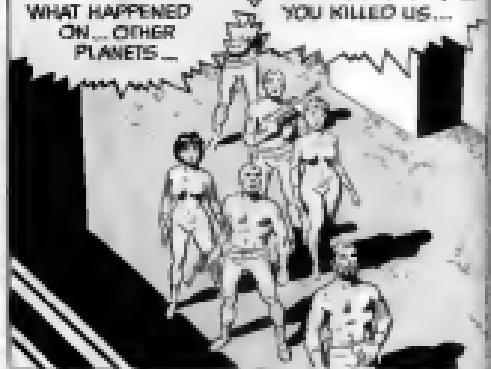
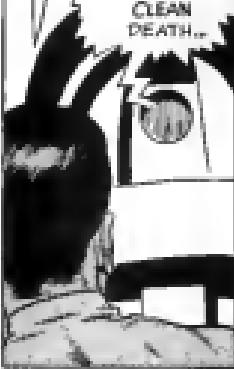


LISSEN! THANK YOU...
FOR KILLING
US... IT IS A
CLEAN
DEATH...

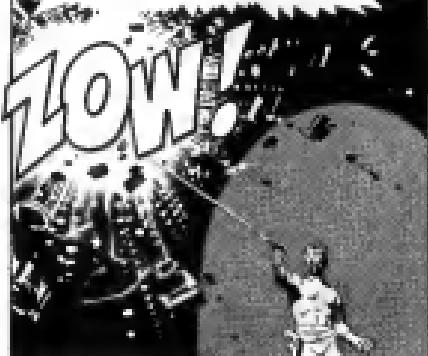
...COMPARED TO... WHAT
IS... GOING TO...
HAPPEN TO... YOU...
I... RECORDED THIS...
MESSAGE... SO THAT
YOU... WILL KNOW
WHAT TO...
EXPECT...

WE HAVE... HAD SPACE
TRAVEL... FOR A LONG
TIME... WE KNOW...
WHAT HAPPENED
ON... OTHER
PLANETS...

OUR SCREEN... KEPT
US SAFE... WHEN
YOU DESTROYED IT...
YOU KILLED US...



THE SLIME... HAS DIVORVED ALL
ANIMAL LIFE... ON EVERY PLANET... IN THE
SYSTEM... IT WAS CALLED BY SOME
THE "ALL"... THE COSMIC ALL... NOW...
THIS IS HOW YOU WILL DIE...



ANY
QUESTIONS?



THEN... WE
STAY?



YES... TOMORROW
WE'LL TAKE A
LOOK AROUND...



WE'RE NEARLY HOME /
OH DON! WE MADE IT!

THERE'S JUST ONE
THING I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

YES... I
KNOW... WHY
DIDN'T IT
HAPPEN
TO US...?

WHY WERE
WE SPARED?

LATER...

SUE! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING!
WE ARE OFF
COURSE!

YES... I... I DON'T KNOW
WHY I... SOMETHING CAME
OVER ME... A VOICE - NO!
A THOUGHT...

MAYBE I
CAN STILL
CORRECT...

NOT! YOU
MUSTN'T!
WE MUST
NOT BE
EXAMINED!

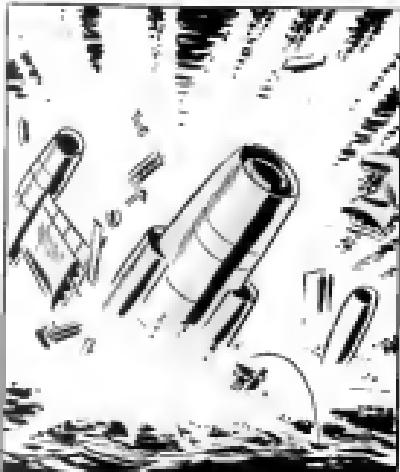
THEY
WILL
FIND
OUT...
...AND
KILL
US!

AND AS THEY
STRUGGLED,
THE GREAT
STAR SHIP
WENT INTO
FINAL ORBIT.
AND THEN
IT WAS TOO
LATE... THEY
RE-ENTERED
THE EARTH'S
ATMOSPHERE
AND SPLASHED
DOWN IN
THE ATLANTIC
OCEAN, A
THOUSAND
MILES FROM
THE COAST...

AND THEN, AS THEY SANK INTO THE
DEPTH, HE BECAME AWARE OF IT...
OF IT GROWING IN HIM!

WHAT... WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
ME...? I
FEEL...

YOU TOO! OH,
DARLING! I'M SO
GLAD... NOW YOU
KNOW WHY!



YES... I KNOW WHY YOU CHANGED COURSE... I KNOW WHY IT DIDN'T HAPPEN TO US BEFORE... LIKE THE OTHERS...

YES! IT WANTED US TO RETURN TO EARTH, TO BRING PEACE AND LOVE TO ANOTHER SYSTEM...

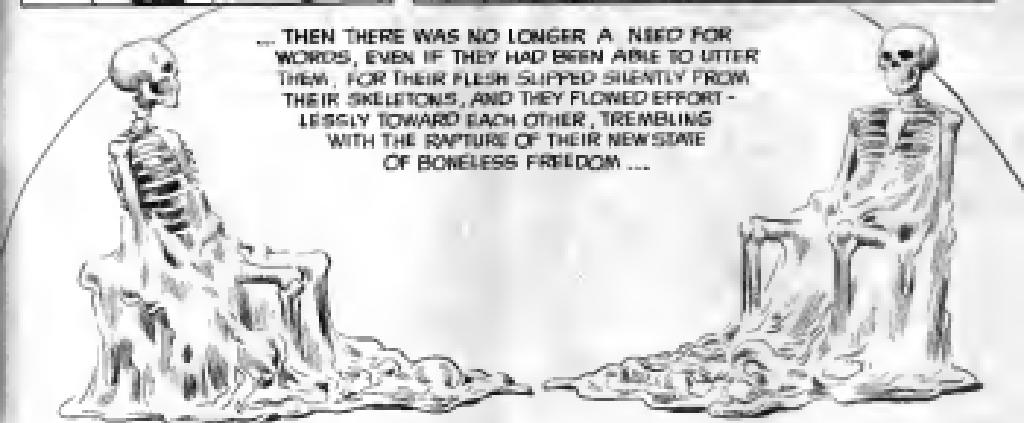


FOR IT IS INTELLIGENT, IN FACT OMNISCIENT. IT HAS BEEN IN US ALL THE TIME, WAITING... AND NOW IT IS TIME...

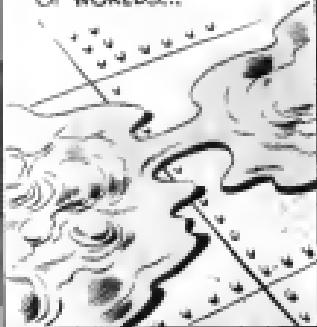
YES! THERE WILL BE A NEW LIFE, A BETTER ONE, FOR THIS WHOLE PLANET OF UNHAPPY SICK, MURDEROUS VERTEBRATES!



— THEN THERE WAS NO LONGER A NEED FOR WORDS, EVEN IF THEY HAD BEEN ABLE TO UTER THEM, FOR THEIR FLESH SLIPPED SHEATHLY FROM THEIR SKELETONS, AND THEY FLOWED EFFORT-LESSLY TOWARD EACH OTHER, TREMBLING WITH THE RAPTURE OF THEIR NEW STATE OF BONELESS FREEDOM ...



... AND MERGED, AND THEN IT WAS COMPLETE AND IN TOUCH WITH THE COSMIC ALL... SEPARATE, YET ONE WITH ITS MILLIONS OF COMPONENTS ON MILLIONS OF WORLDS...



IT PAUSED A MOMENT, REALIZING AND INTEGRATING ITS POWER, AND THEN, IMMORTAL AND ALL-KNOWING, IT SLITHERED HAPPILY TO THE LOCK AND WAS GONE TO DO GOOD, TO BRING OTHERS INTO THE HARMONY...



WELL! BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT A *HAPPY ENDING*... WHAT? IF YOU DON'T THINK THAT'S A *HAPPY ENDING*? JUST WAIT... WAIT UNTIL YOU JOIN IN THE BLISS OF TOTAL TOGETHERNESS... FOR THE COSMIC ALL IS COMING!



A VAST, ME HEARTY-HORRORS! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SEA VOYAGE TO SHIVER YOUR TIMBERS? WITH ME AS YOUR MONSTER MATE, WE'RE GOING TO CRUISE THE CARIBBEAN ON THE LUXURY YACHT OF REGGIE BEARDSLEY, WHO'S SOMETHING OF A MONSTER HIMSELF... REGGIE GETS A TASTE OF HORROR, THOUGH, IN FACT HE GETS TO...

DRINK DEEP!

IS THIS THE SHIP
GOLDEN GALLEON?

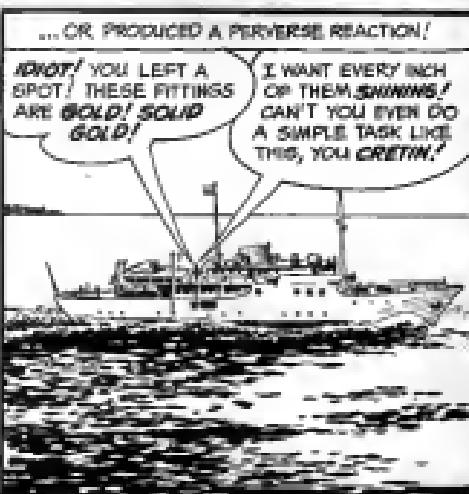
RIGHT! YOU MUST BE THE CREW
SENT BY THE MARITIME POST...
TOOK THEM LONG ENOUGH
TO GET YOU HERE!

MOTLEY LOT! WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT IN A
SLEAZY FIFTH-RATE PORT! CAN'T AFFORD TO
BE CHOOSY UNTIL WE'RE BACK IN THE STATES!

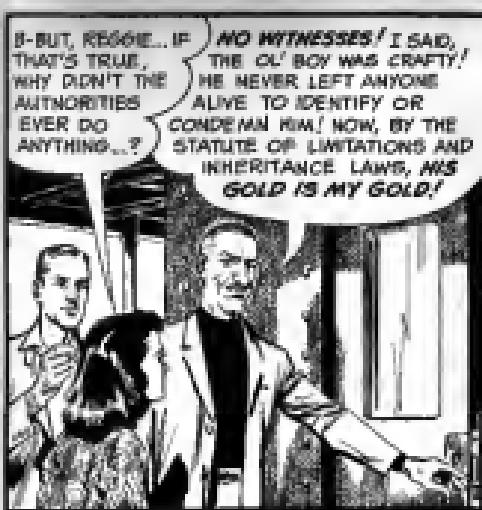
CREWS DID NOT COME EASY FOR REGGIE BEARDSLEY'S GOLDEN GALLEON... HE HAD A REPUTATION IN PIRATES THROUHOUT THE WORLD... REGGIE'S WEALTH WAS EXCEEDED ONLY BY ONE THING... HIS CRUELTY!



HE HAD WASTED NO TIME AT THE OUTSET OF HIS CARIBBEAN CRUISE TO PROVE HIS REPUTATION WAS WELL-EARNED AND EARNESTLY MAINTAINED...







THE NEXT DAY, THE GOLDEN GALLEON PUT INTO A SMALL CARIBBEAN PORT FOR SUPPLIES...



NOW, REGGIE HAD FOUND A NEW CREW, PROVING THAT EVEN IN A SMALL OUT-OF-THE-WAY PORT HIS GOLD COULD NOT BE IGNORED... AND, DESPITE THEIR APPEARANCE, THE NEW MEN SEEMED EFFICIENT...



BY SUNSET OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE YACHT HAD REACHED A POINT ON THE COMPASS OF GREAT SIGNIFICANCE TO REGGIE...



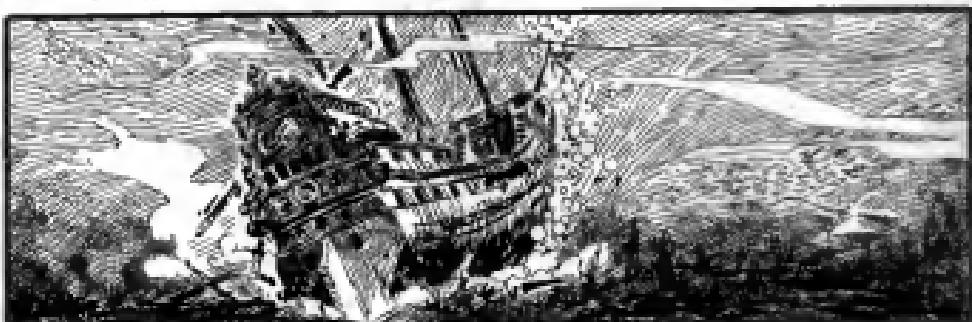
"IT WAS A GOLD-LADENED TREASURE GALLEON... BLACK BEARDSLEY SENT IT TO THE BOTTOM WITH ALL HANDS ABOARD... STILL ALIVE!"



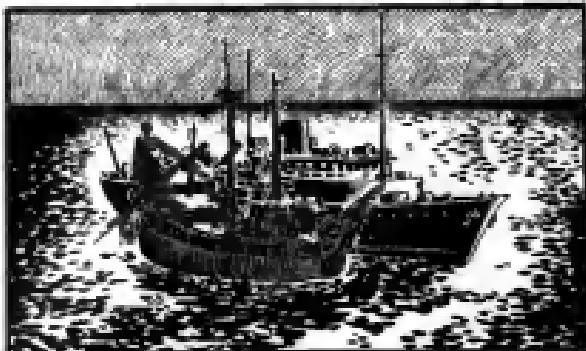
"TIED THEM IN THE HOLD SO THEY'D ALL DROWN AS THE SHIP SETTLED INTO THE SEABOTTOM MUD!"



EVEN AS REGGIE ENTERTAINED HIS GUESTS WITH THE DOINGS OF HIS ANCESTOR, A STRANGE TREMOR WAS RUNNING THROUGH THE ROTTING TIMBERS OF THE ANCIENT HULK. MANY PHANTOMS BELOW... CAUSING IT TO SHUDDER, SILENTLY AND BREAK FREE OF ITS BARNACLED GRAVE!



WITH A SLOW SURENESS THE DETERIORATING SHELL OF A ONCE HANDSOME GALLEON SAILED UPWARD ON THE DARK UNDERWATER CURRENTS AS IT HAD CENTURIES BEFORE ON THE HIGH WINDS OF THE CARIBBEAN, UNTIL ITS MOSS-COATED HULL SCRAPED AGAINST THE MODERN SLEEKNESS OF REGGIE'S YACHT...



AN EERIE LIGHT FILLED THE CABIN AS SOMETIMES COMES FROM OBJECTS UNDERWATER FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME, AND SUDDENLY REGGIE KNEW WHY HIS OLD CREW HAD BEEN SO EASILY REPLACED!



HANDS OF DEATHLY COLDNESS AND SALT-WATER, DAMP HAULED HIM ON DECK TO A SCENE OF FRANTIC BUT UNHUMANLY SILENT ACTIVITY...

THE FITTINGS! LEAVE THEM ALONE! ALL THIS GOLD IS MINE! THEY BELONG ON MY SHIP... HERE! ON THE GOLDEN GALLEON!



SUDDENLY HE, LIKE EVERY ORNAMENT OF BEARDSLEY GOLD ABOARD, WAS BEING TRANSPORTED TO THE SLIMEY DECK OF THE SPECTRE SHIP!

NO! YOU CAN'T PUT ME ON THAT OLD WRECK!

PLEASE! IT'S GOING TO SINK! PLEASE!



AND, AS HE HAD ALWAYS INSISTED ON BEING ABOARD HIS OWN YACHT, AGAIN, REGGIE WAS RIGHT!

NO! NO! I'LL DROWN!
I'LL DROWN--EEAAA...
GLUB!



ONCE MORE THE ANCIENT HULL SETTLED INTO ITS RESTING PLACE OF MUD AND SAND AT THE OCEAN BOTTOM... ITS HOLD AGAIN FILLED WITH GOLD SO LONG AGO REMOVED... ITS ONE NEW PASSENGER LOOKING, WITH DROWNED EYES THAT WILL STARE FOREVER, AT THE NAME NOT YET FADED FROM THE OLD SHIP'S PROW...



HEE, HEE... I KNEW THAT REGGIE WAS ALL WET! HOPE IT DOESN'T DAMPEN HIS SPIRIT TOO MUCH... OH WELL, IF REGGIE WASN'T SPOILED ROTTEN BEFORE, I GUESS HE SOON WILL BE!



PREHISTORIC SCENES HOBBY KITS

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SABER TOOTH TIGER

2-3/4" HIGH, 8-3/8" WIDE \$2.00



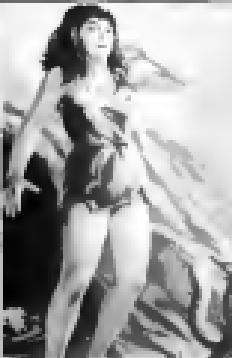
NEANDERTHAL MAN

4-1/2" HIGH
\$2.00



PREHISTORIC CAVE

13-1/2" WIDE, 7" HIGH, 7" DEEP \$3.00



CRO-MAGNON WOMAN

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CRO-MAGNON MAN

5" HIGH
\$2.00



GIANT ALLOSAURUS

10-1/16" HIGH
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FLYING REPTILE

18-1/2" WINGSPAN
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TAR PIT SCENE

13" WIDE, 10" HIGH,
7-1/2" DEEP \$3.00

SEND ME the following PREHISTORIC SCENES HOBBY KITS. Enclosed is \$ including S&H POSTAGE AND HANDLING FOR EACH KIT CHILDREN

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Get your bathsome library cards, kiddies, it's CREEPY CLASSIC time time and you'll want to check out this weird work by WASHINGTON IRVING entitled...

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GERMAN STUDENT!

THE LIGHTNING-GLEAMED AND LOUD CLAPS OF THUNDER RATTLED THROUGH THE LOFTY NARROW STREETS OF PARIS'S OLD SECTION... A CLOAKED FIGURE BENT INTO THE LASHING TORRENT, SCOURING OVER THE PUDDLED COBBLESTONE TOWARD THE SOLITARY GLOW OF A TAVERN LIGHT...

GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR! A TERRIBLE STORM... I HOPE YOU DIDN'T COME FAR!

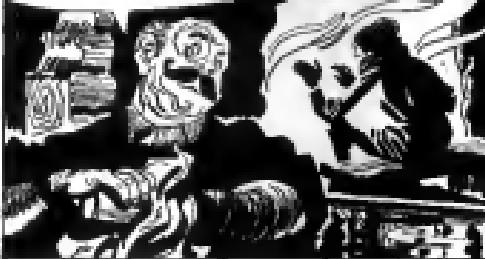
NOT FAR... ONLY UP THE STREET, A COGNAC, PLEASE!

UP THE STREET? BUT THE ONLY THING UP THE STREET IS THE, THE,

...THE ASYLUM!

FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY,
MONSIEUR, BUT WHAT
POSSESSES A MAN TO
VISIT THE MADHOUSE ON
A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS?

WHAT POSSESSES
A MAN...?



WHY DO YOU ASK
THAT? WHAT DO
YOU KNOW OF
POSSESSION
OF MEN?



N-NOTHING, MONSIEUR
...A CHANCE CHOICE
OF WORDS... I...

NOTHING? THEN PER-
HAPS YOU MIGHT BE
INTERESTED IN A STORY
I HEARD TONIGHT...



I'M A MEDICAL EXAMINER. OFFICIAL
DUTIES BROUGHT ME TO THE ASYLUM...
THAT'S WHERE I LEARNED ABOUT A YOUNG
GERMAN... A STUDENT... **GOTTFRIED**
WOLFGANG...



A YOUNG MAN OF GOOD FAMILY, HE STUDIED FOR SOME TIME AT GOTTINGEN, BUT BEING OF AN
IMAGINATIVE AND OVERWROUGHT CHARACTER, HE WANDERED INTO WILD AND SPECULATIVE DOCTRINES
...EVENTUALLY TAKING UP THE NOTION THAT THERE WAS AN EVIL INFLUENCE HANGING OVER HIM; AN EVIL
SPIRIT SEEKING TO ENSNARE HIM AND ENSURE HIS PERDITION...

HIS FRIENDS DISCOVERED THE MENTAL MALADY PREYING UPON HIM AND DETERMINED THE BEST CURE WAS TO FINISH HIS STUDIES AMID THE SPLENDORS AND GAETIES OF PARIS... BUT WOLFGANG ARRIVED AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE SCENES OF BLOOD WHICH FOLLOWED SHOCKED HIS SENSITIVE NATURE, DISGUSTED HIM WITH SOCIETY AND THE WORLD...



HE RETREATED TO GLOOMY INTROSPECTION AND PURSUING HIS MORBID THEORIES IN THE GREAT PARIS LIBRARIES, QUESTING AFTER FOOD FOR HIS UNHEALTHY APPETITE, BECOMING A LITERARY GHUL FEEDING IN THE CHARNEL HOUSE OF DEAD LITERATURE...

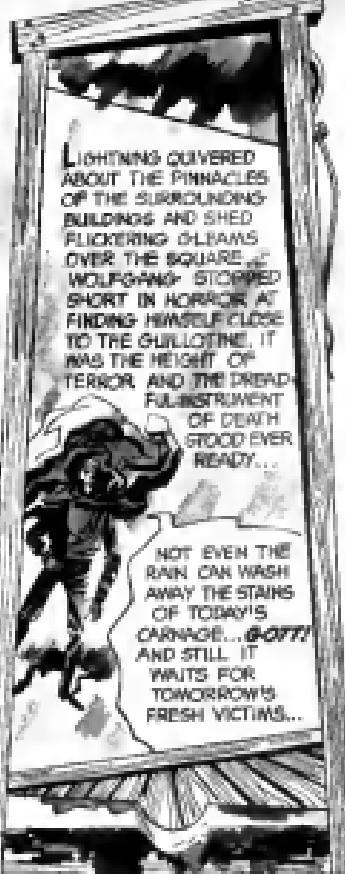


TOO SHY TO APPROACH GIRLS, HIS ARDENT NATURE THRUST A LOVELY BUT HAUNTING VISION UPON HIM... A FACE OF TRANSCENDENT BEAUTY THAT FILLED HIS DREAMS OVER AND OVER... A SHADOW WHICH BECAME ONE OF THESE FIRED IDEAS THAT HAUNT THE MINDS OF INSANIORLY MEN AND IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR MADNESS

SUCH WAS GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG'S SITUATION WHEN, LATE ONE STORMY NIGHT, HE WAS RETURNING HOME THROUGH SOME OF THE GLOOMY OLD STREETS OF THE MARais, AN ANCIENT PART OF THE CITY...



HIS HEART SICKENED WITHIN HIM, AND WOLFGANG WAS TURNING SHUDDERING FROM THE HORRIBLE BNOISE, WHEN HE GLIMPSED A SHADOWY FORM COWLING AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS WHICH LED UP TO THE SCAFFOLD...



A SUCCESSION OF VIVID LIGHTNING FLASHES REVEALED THE CROUCHING FORM MORE CLEARLY AS WOLFGANG STUMBLED FORWARD IN WONDER... THE BRIGHT GLEAM ILLUMINATED THE UPRAISED FACE, THE VERY FACE WHICH HAUNTED HIM IN HIS DREAMS... WILDEDYED PALE AND DISCONSOLATE, BUT RAWMINGLY BEAUTIFUL



GOTTFRIED KNEW THESE WERE TERRIBLE TIMES...
THE GUILLOTINE LEFT MANY MOURNERS... MANY
DESOLATE AND ALONE...

YOUR PARDON, MAM... IS... IS
THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO
FOR YOU?

BUT IT'S TOO
LATE FOR ANY
THING TO BE
DONE!

IT'S SUCH A LATE HOUR,
THE SKY SO TERRIBLE...
AREN'T THERE FRIENDS I
CAN TAKE YOU TO?

T-THIS... HAS
LEFT ME NO
FRIENDS ON
EARTH!

THE HEART OF THE STUDENT MELTED AT HER WORDS...

B-BUT... YOU
MUST HAVE
A HOME...

I HAVE NOTHING!
THE ONLY PLACE
LEFT ME IS THE
GRAVE!

YOU MUST LET ME OFFER
SHELTER, MYSELF AS A
DEVOTED FRIEND... I AM
FRIENDLESS MYSELF, A
STRANGER IN PARIS.
...ALL I HAVE IS AT
YOUR DISPOSAL!

THERE WAS AN HONEST BARNESTNESS IN THE YOUNG MAN'S MANNER, THAT HAD ITS EFFECT. THE HOMELESS GIRL CONFIDED HERSELF IMPITIALLY TO THE PROTECTION OF THE STUDENT, AND WOLFGANG CONDUCTED HIS CHARGE THROUGH THE ANCIENT STREETS, PAST THE SORBONNE... TO THE GREAT DINGY HOTEL WHERE HE LIVED...

I MUST APOLOGIZE... IT IS QUITE
SMALL, WITHOUT ELEGANCE... NATURALLY,
IT IS MY INTENTION TO MOVE OUT, LEAVE
IT FOR YOU AND... AND...



THE GIRL'S PRESENCE OVERWHELMED HIM, SEEMED TO PUT A SPELL ON HIS THOUGHTS AND SENSES. IN THE INFATUATION OF THE MOMENT, WOLFGANG AWAYED HIS PASSION FOR HER, TOLD THE STORY OF HIS MYSTERIOUS DREAM, AND HOW SHE POSSESSED HIS HEART BEFORE HE HAD EVEN SEEN HER...

I...I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME, GOTTFRIED...IT'S WONDERFUL TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT!

WHY SHOULD WE SEPARATE? YOU'VE NO HOME, NO FAMILY...LET ME BE EVERYTHING...I'LL PLEDGE MYSELF TO YOU... FOREVER



FOREVER!



...THEN I AM YOURS!

THE NEXT MORNING WOLFGANG LEFT THE GIRL SLEEPING AND SALLIED FORTH AT AN EARLY HOUR, TO SEEK MORE SPACIOUS APARTMENTS SUITABLE TO THE NEW SITUATION. HE RETURNED TO FIND HER IN AN UNEASY POSTURE, HER FACE PALLID AND GHASTLY...

DARLING! DARLING! OH, NO... NOOOOOOO!

...IN A WORD,
SHE WAS
A CORPSE!



HORRIFIED AND FRANTIC, HE ALARMED THE HOUSE. A SENSE OF CONFUSION ENSUED. THE POLICE WERE SUMMONED.



AS THE OFFICER IN CHARGE ENTERED THE ROOM, HE STARTED BACK ON BEHOLDING THE CORPSE...



YOU...YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HER?



NO...NO... IT CAN'T BE...

EVEN AS THE YOUNG STUDENT SPOKE, THE OFFICER BENT FORWARD, UNDID THE BLACK COLLAR AROUND THE NECK OF THE CORPSE AND...



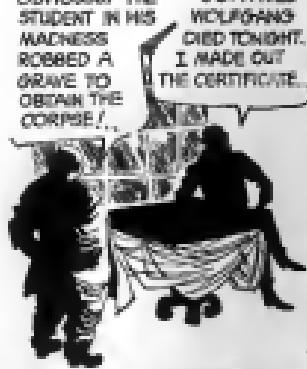
THEY TRIED TO SOOTHE HIM, BUT IN VAIN. HE WAS POSSESSED WITH THE FRIGHTFUL BELIEF THAT AN EVIL SPIRIT HAD REANIMATED THE DEAD BODY TO ENSNARE HIM....A BELIEF WHICH PERSISTED INTO THE MAD HOUSE!

THE FIEND! THE FIEND HAS GAINED POSSESSION OF ME! I'M LOST FOREVER!



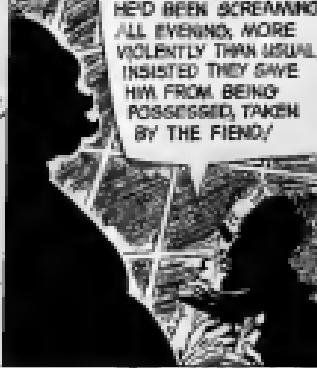
SURELY, MONSIEUR,
AN EDUCATED MAN
LIKE YOURSELF
DOES NOT BELIEVE
SUCH A TALE....
OBVIOUSLY THE
STUDENT IN HIS
MADNESS
ROBBED A
GRAVE TO
OBTAIN THE
CORPSE...

PERHAPS,
WE SHALL
NEVER KNOW.
I WAS SENT
FOR BECAUSE
GOTTFRIED
WOLFGANG
DIED TONIGHT.
I MADE OUT
THE CERTIFICATE.



AND THE
CIRCUMSTANCES...

HEART FAIL-
URE, DEAD
WHEN THE
STAFF FOUND HIM IN
HIS SOLITARY CELL.
HE'D BEEN SCREAMING
ALL EVENING, MORE
VIOLENTLY THAN USUAL.
INSISTED THEY SAVE
HIM FROM BEING
POSSESSED, TAKEN
BY THE FIEND!



HIS OWN MAD FEARS BURST HIS
HEART, SO I WOULD THINK....
NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, EH,
MONSIEUR EXAMINER?



PRACTICALLY
NOTHING...ONLY
THIS BESIDE HIS
CORPSE!

WELL, NO MATTER, MATTER, MONSIEUR POSSESSED
YOUNG WOLFGANG TO GET INVOLVED, HE'S
SHOULD BE FLATTERED TO HAVE A GIRL
LOSE HER HEAD OVER HIM THAT WAY!



SPECIAL ISSUE



CREEPY